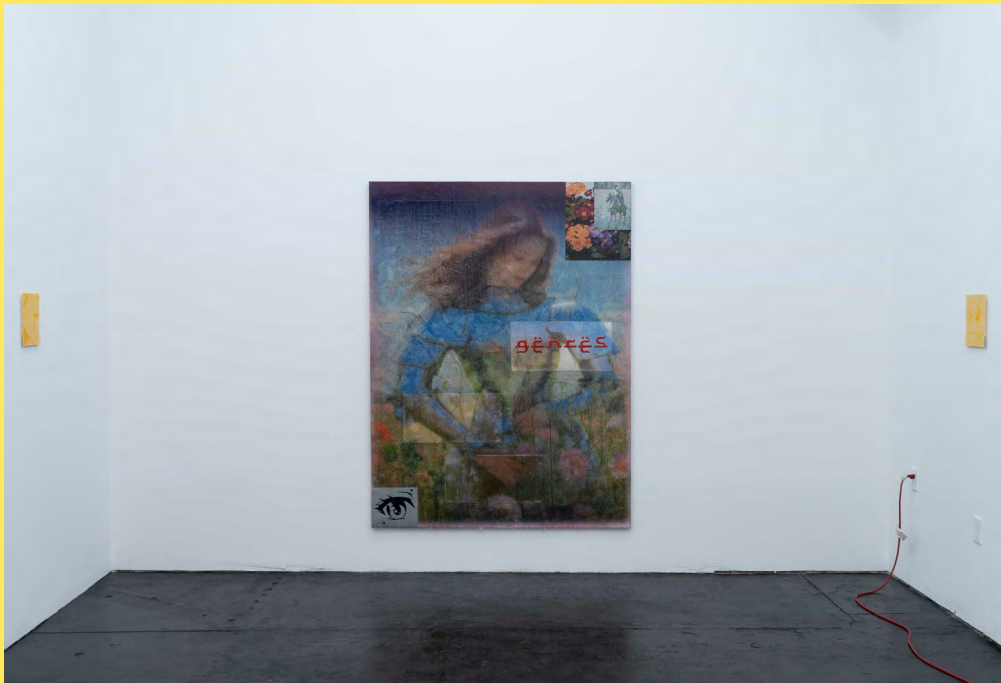


CLIMATE CONTROL

Parker Ito & Juliana Halpert



12 Dancing Princesses



12 Dancing Princesses

June Fifteen,
Two Thousand Twenty-Four

Paintings, Prints, Videos
and Sculptures

by

Parker Ito & Juliana Halpert

texts by

Juliana Halpert &

Ezra Lee

CLIMATE CONTROL

Climate Control ©2023
2831 Mission Street
San Francisco, CA

Are you a flower?

I'm writing about Parker Ito and Juliana Halpert. Two friends.
And how they met.

They tell me the incident.

Parker had a show in 2020 called Longevity Buns at Chateau Shatto in Los Angeles. Juliana goes there still a student and tells me she met Parker at the after-party where they exchanged numbers.

It's interesting how life has its way with things. There are terms I can think of, big terms that gets people running their heads off. Such out-dated terms like fate and destiny. Then there is one term more familiar to us today, chance. The chance of friendship. The chance the world shuts down. Juliana marks the latter.

She took a chance in 2021 and sent a message to Parker inviting him to her first solo show Wake up sleepers! at No Moon LA. He came.

Up until then, they had been having, as Parker says, "just casual chats on insta." Swirling words about art and life. It is strange because he admits "I don't really like talking to people I don't know." But he talked to Juliana.

After Juliana's show, Parker tells me that they had dinner

together at a restaurant called Chifa.

Another incident: Juliana says she was sick when the idea to do a show with Parker came out. That's the story that I know up until their show together at Bel Ami in 2023.

HOW

friendship is more than chance alone,
is an ACT of affinity and contrast, repeated.
NOT ONE ACT BUT MANY

This is what Juliana says of the relationship:

"I don't see parker IRL very often but I now consider him one of my closest friends?"

They had a show once already. This show is another incident. It is, as I said, an act of affinity and contrast.

-E

12 Dancing Princesses
June 15- July 27, 2024
Climate Control
2831 Mission St. San Francisco

Parker Ito

(b. 1986, Ventura, CA) Lives and works in Los Angeles

Parker Ito is an artist associated with Post Internet or Zombie Formalism, depending on who you ask. His website is: www.parker.sex

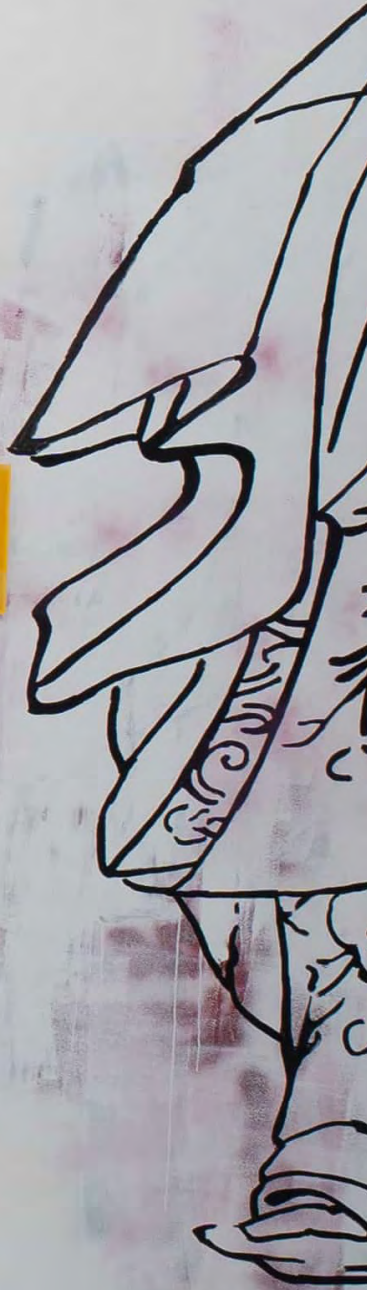
Juliana Halpert

(b. 1989, Montpelier, Vermont) Lives and works in Los Angeles

Juliana Halpert is an artist and writer living in Los Angeles. Her writing has appeared in *Aperture*, *Artforum*, *Bookforum*, *Frieze*, *Art in America*, and *X-TRA*, among other publications. Her website is: julianahalpert.com

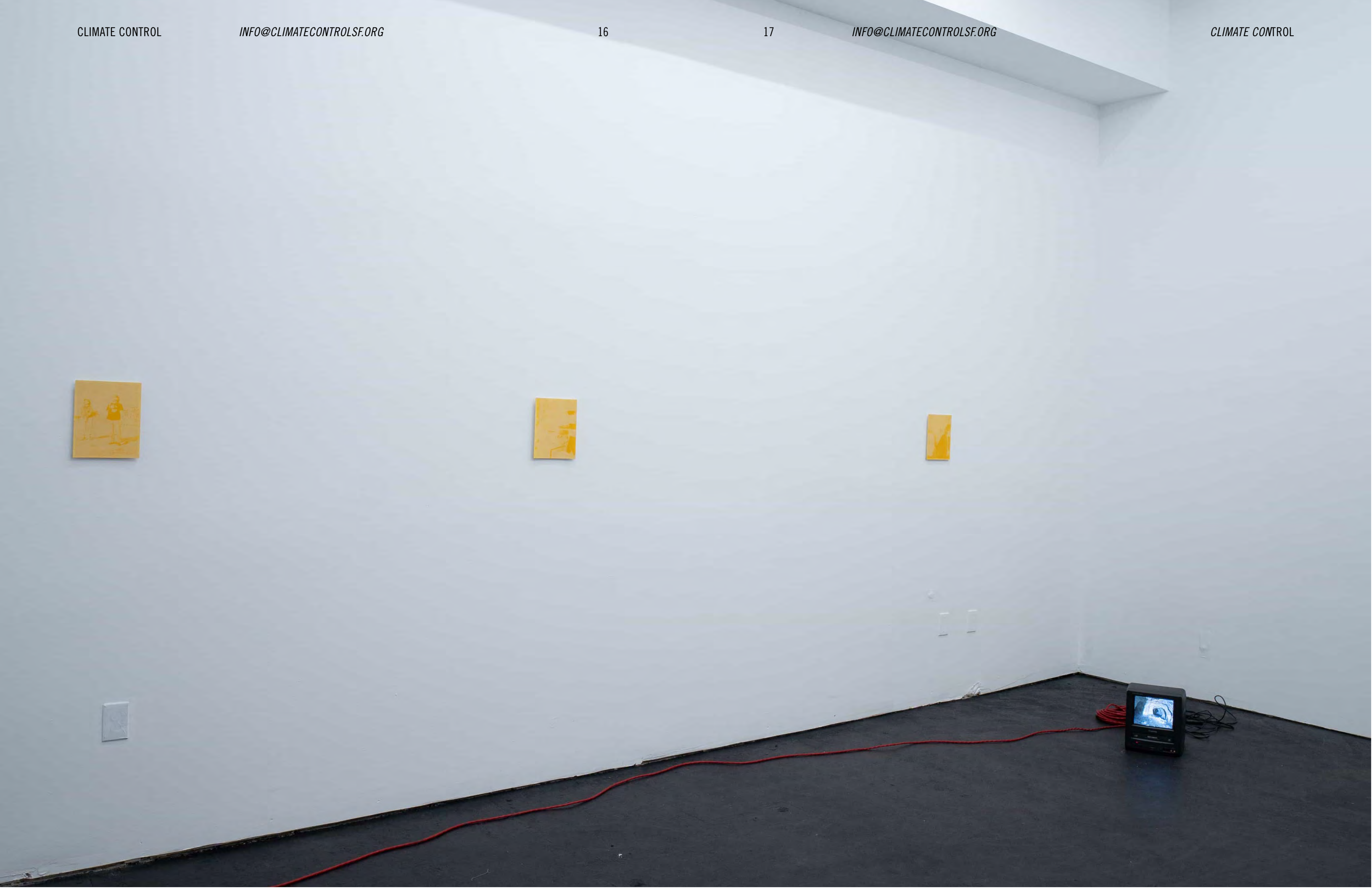








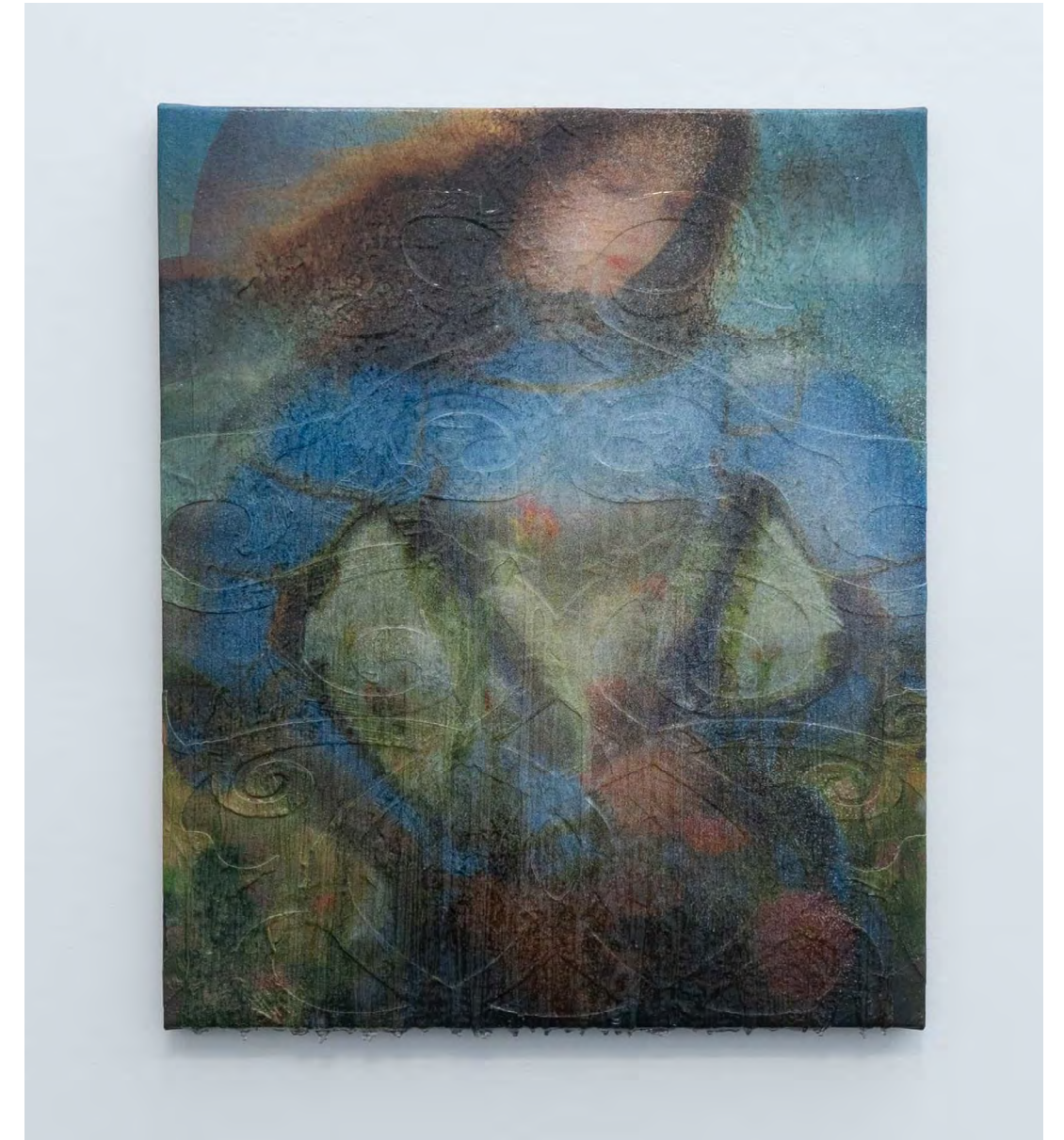






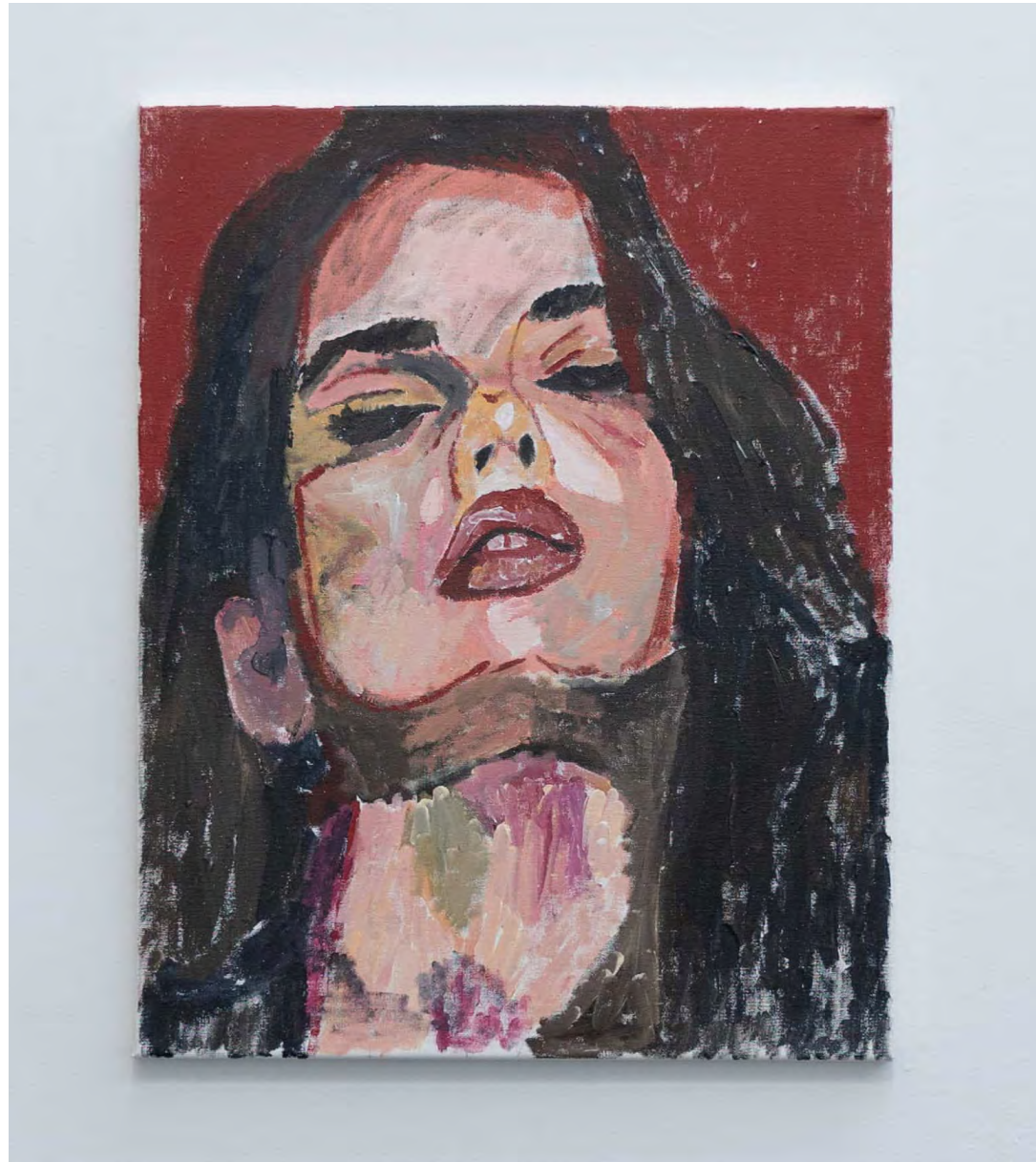
Parker Ito

the Pilgrim's sticky toffee pudding gesamtkunstwerk, in the year of the dragon, a la mode, part 1, 2024
 ink, acrylic, modeling, paste, water soluble pastel, ink aid, gac 100, paper and varnish on canvas
 80x60 inches



Parker Ito

visions of the Pilgrim's Printer Progress from this world, to that which is to come (small knight), 2024
 Ink, acrylic, modeling paste, gac 100 and varnish on canvas
 24x20 inches



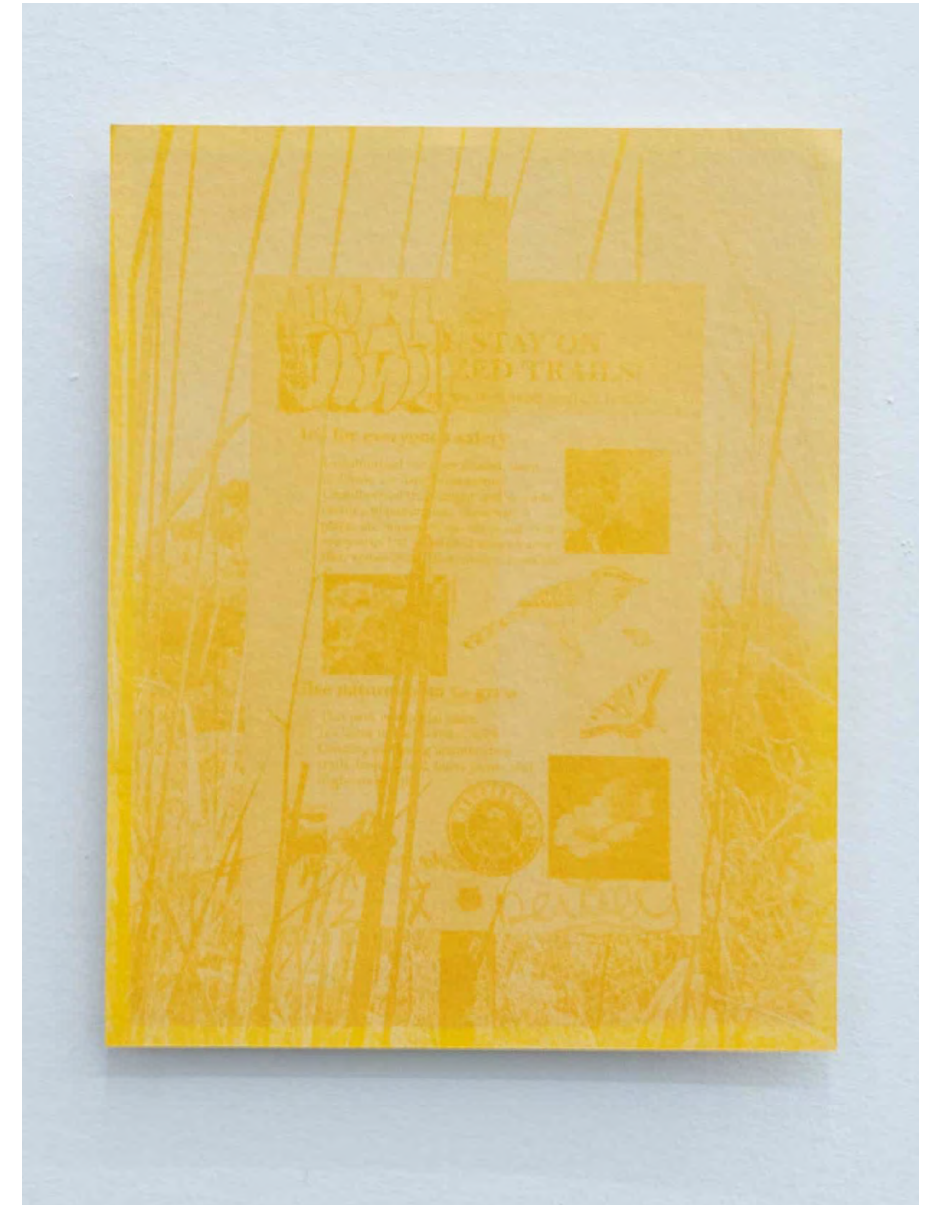
Parker Ito
Lana, 2024
 acrylic on canvas
 20x16 inches



Parker Ito
 OO, 2024
 digital video, monitors, media player, tripod, and hardware
 edition of 3 plus 2 AP
 38x18x16 inches



Juliana Halpert
Parker and Cam at my Larder opening, 2024
 Turmeric anotype print on watercolor paper
 8x10 inches



Juliana Halpert
Trail sign, 2024
 Turmeric anotype print on watercolor paper
 8x10 inches



Juliana Halpert
Sarah, 2024
Turmeric anotype print on watercolor paper
8x10 inches



Juliana Halpert
Arroyo archers, 2024
Turmeric anotype print on watercolor paper
8x10 inches



Juliana Halpert
Self-portrait (studio), 2024
Turmeric anotype print on watercolor paper
8x10 inches



Juliana Halpert
BLM, 2024
Turmeric anotype print on watercolor paper
8x10 inches



Juliana Halpert
Self-portrait in kitchen, 2024
Turmeric anothotype print on watercolor paper
8x10 inches



Juliana Halpert
Backyard, 2024
Turmeric anothotype print on watercolor paper
8x10 inches



Juliana Halpert
Shahryar, 2024
 Turmeric anotype print on watercolor paper
 8x10 inches



Juliana Halpert
Eclipse-watchers at Flat Top, 2024
 Turmeric anotype print on watercolor paper
 8x10 inches



Juliana Halpert
Kitchen (printing supplies), 2024
 Turmeric anotype print on watercolor paper
 8x10 inches



Juliana Halpert
Drinks with Tica, 2024
 Turmeric anotype print on watercolor paper
 8x10 inches



Juliana Halpert
Old Dutch Cleanser Mine, 2024
Digital video, 3:50 minutes
Edition 1 of 5

In November of 2021, my immunocompromised ass got dangerously sick with Covid. I laid in bed for nine days and did nothing but watch all eight Harry Potter movies, text my oximeter readings to my mom, and take online geography quizzes. By day six I had memorized the political map of every continent, except Oceania.

I already knew that borders were abstract, constructive, and movable, but this awareness had been similarly theoretical, crafted by vaguely anarchist Vermont summer camps, a fancy undergraduate education, and socialist-left instagram reels. When you see these lines up close and learn to distinguish Togo from Benin and Tajikistan from Turkmenistan by nothing but their jagged contours, the farce of these lines becomes irrefutable. It was strangely shocking. As the persecuted protagonist of Nagisa Oshima's film *Death by Hanging* asks—*What is a nation? Show me one! I don't want to be killed by an abstraction.*

It was during this feverish time that Parker Ito DMed me on Instagram to ask if I wanted to do some sort of show together. My brain was stuck at Hogwarts and on the former Balkan Federation and I truly did think I was dreaming, which I expressed by responding 'am I hallucinating lol.' We weren't

close at that point and I couldn't really fathom his reasoning, but I of course agreed.

I hadn't been a Harry Potter enthusiast since middle school, when I read books 1–4 on trips to the hospital for colonoscopies and endoscopies and a million other diagnostic procedures. There was always so much waiting involved. I will admit that the books were crucial in helping me, mid-pubescence, summon courage before getting put under. Those of us who have had a camera stuck up our ass and/or been cut open while unconscious may have a keener sense of the abstract. A few days later, a doctor in a cutesy pediatric wing would play a video of my wet, tunneling insides on a small monitor in her office and dispense a few medical prognoses. One simply has to trust that these figurations, with their shitty resolution and dense, polysyllabic terminology, correspond to lived experience.

This past March, in the hopes of quitting smoking, I downloaded an app that provides guided hypnosis sessions. I wanted to quit before this show, perhaps as some sort of conceptual 'work,' or gesture, lol. Parker hates smoking. Parker's likes and dislikes are vivid and intense; even his occasional ambivalence has a casual brutality to it. A symbolic shrug from

him is rather deep and dense, like a black hole. I try to avoid it at all costs. I think the most effective artists usually entrench themselves in their tastes, allowing their flavor to steep and bolden like a tea bag in hot water. Parker embodies this, which I admire greatly. I am far too amenable.

I did not succeed in quitting smoking, but I use the hypnosis app often. In a lilting, mechanical voice, a woman counts down from five, telling you that you are sinking deeper and deeper. Each time, I have strangely found myself picturing that I am in the vast cave under Gringotts Wizarding Bank, riding in one of those rickety mine carts along the snaking, sloping tracks, descending into the dark vaults. Luckily, those antisemitic goblins aren't around; my hosts are ill-defined shadowy beings, but certainly feminine and benevolent in nature. The cart stops at a small door, which opens into a dimly-lit bedroom. I crawl into the four-poster bed and luxuriate in its warmth, knowing that I am safely tucked away from the world, someplace no one can reach me. The shapeless women specters instruct me to do nothing but rest and sleep. It's heaven! 'Omg,' I texted my bsf Tica after begrudgingly returning to the world actual for the first time. 'The sunken place is real.'

In the tangible world I live in a studio apartment

on the first floor of a two-story house. Alex and Sarah live upstairs. They are among the warmest and most considerate people I have ever met and our expanding friendship is one of the few things in my life that feels uncomplicatedly good. I often run into them in the yard as they leave for work or to walk their dog, and we chat, catch up briefly. Lately Sarah and I have been sharing semi-frequent 'nightcaps' during which we smoke a cig or two on the stairs. The conversations go everywhere. She is a talented audio engineer and musician. She also grew up in San Francisco, and, during one of these sundown assemblies, it occurred to me that it would fit to ask her to compose a song or track for the show at Climate Control. I'll make some video for it, I told her. It will be like scoring in reverse.

Sarah delivered her shimmering composition in early May. I sat on it and by mid-June I still didn't know what to film. About a week before the show opened, I had been working on my turmeric prints in the yard, getting them ready to bake in the sun once the UV hit its peak at around 1. Our outdoor space is peppered with shade from a crowd of ash, lemon, and black walnut trees, so I was exposing the prints in the driveway of the house next door. An elderly Japanese couple used to live there, but one of them died; the house has been sitting empty

for years now. Lucky for me, Alex emerged from the top floor, about to head out to a gig. We hadn't crossed paths in a while, and resolved to catch up. He suggested an excursion, which was when we both remembered our aspiration to visit an abandoned pumicite mine that he had once discovered by chance while offroading in the desert. The "Old Dutch Cleanser Mine," it's called.

Apparently pumice was a popular cleaning agent, and Old Dutch a common household item. This was rather aligned with the premise for my turmeric prints, which I made using a canister of the spice from my pantry and a surplus of rubbing alcohol that had been sitting under my sink. I love making do with what's available—there's great freedom to be found under constraints. Is that a truism by now? It's still true. As Jasminne Morataya wrote in her peerless statement for a show—still up!—at Bass & Reiner, *you can make fairly complete worlds with few tools and the thinnest thread of narrative*. This has become my creed.

Alex drove us the two and a half hours to the desert, referencing a sparse offroading map as he rolled his jeep over the big rocks on the sandy high-clearance roads. We breached a degree of remoteness I have not experienced in years. The views stretched for

miles, with no trace of human civilization but this one chiseled-out hole. The mine was unreal, deep, cool, powdery, and white. It became apparent that Alex's drone was the best tool to capture the cavern's plunging arcades, winding between the carved-out columns and into the absolute darkness. 'I feel like I'm performing a colonoscopy,' Alex quipped as he eyed the drone's snaking view from his controller. I laughed and suddenly remembered the stony vault from Potter lore that I had been reconstructing in my mind, truly stunned by the resemblance. Had my hypnotized subconscious prophesied this voyage, or compelled it? Is there even a difference between the two?

There's a terrific interview with Nabokov, in which a poor, sweating interviewer asks the author whether he, akin to EM Forster, loses control of his characters and allows them to dictate the course of his novels. "My knowledge of Mr. Forster's works is limited to one novel, which I dislike," Nabokov replies. (Lol!) "It was not he who fathered that trite little whimsy," he adds. "It is as old as the quills, although of course one sympathizes with *his* people if they try to wriggle out of that trip to India or wherever he takes them. My characters are galley slaves."

Ezra was asking Parker about his use of AI-generated imagery yesterday, and this quote—one of my favorites, in truth—came to mind. Maybe I’m more like Foerster, choosing a process or technique as a framing device, finding myself at its whim and simply hoping for the best. A superstructure that is pristine only in its platonic form. (The turmeric / India connection does not aid in dispelling this comparison.) Within this analogy, Parker is undoubtedly Nabokov; he bends AI, and his printer, and his solar dye, and his many invocations of Japanese yokai and pictographs and familiar figures, to his pure will. He is all base, building from the ground up, stone by heavy stone. I prophesize, he compels. Do we end up in the same place? Not in idea, but in reality, sure—we’re both here at the same space, in the same show, aren’t we?

—Juliana Halpert



CLIMATE CONTROL

2024